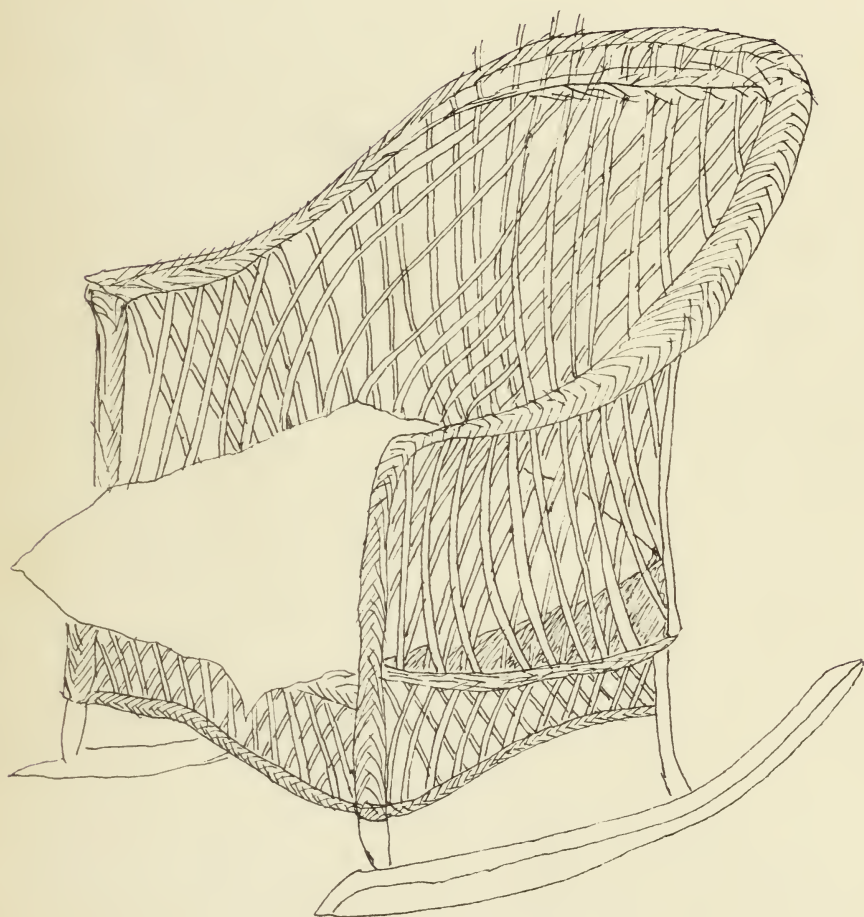


Winter 1971

# COURANT





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I picked a sun's smile today  
and put it in a glass  
on the table  
by your life,

a whisper  
of your soul's smile  
tomorrow in a glass  
by my life.

Mardi Hudson

craftsbury common

the land here  
rises and swells,  
in a lover's greeting  
with the sun and skies.  
and is mellowed by an envelope of green.

and in its deep valleys,  
streams and brooks  
harmonize translucent serenades  
with the winds,  
while trout listen  
from their deep, calm pools.

and the people here,  
are carved from oak and apple blossoms,  
their grain is hard and finished  
blushed gentle with understanding.  
like wildflowers  
found in a hidden thicket.

judith webster



Rage's Circle

My hand flew out and  
hit the spongey flesh of  
the child of my mind with a  
soft thud.

His (No Daddy please!) blue-  
veined punishment came  
down hard  
upon my tender white —  
it turned red and I  
cried bloody tears —  
they said it couldn't hurt  
anymore and it did  
and does.

Taking my first steps I  
looked down  
and hit ground.

Joni Blaxter

# The Rise and Fall of Man

by Susan Stone

In the beginning the heavens and the earth were formed.  
And the earth was without Man and void.  
And darkness was upon the face of the deep.  
And the Spirit of Evolution moved over the face of the waters.

And there was Man.

And Man said, "Let there be light that I may see!"  
And there was light.  
And Man separated the light from the darkness.  
And Man surrounded himself with the light to protect himself from the unseen Unknown.  
And Man called the light "electricity."

And there was morning and afternoon and night - one day.

And Man said, "Let there be walls in the midst of the wilderness and let them protect  
Man from the Elements."  
And Man clove through the wilderness that he might set up his walls.  
And Man called his walls "cities."  
And Man filled his cities with the light which he had called "electricity."

And a second day passed.

And Man said, "Let there be dwellings in the wilderness.  
And let these be surrounded by fertile earth which shall yield forth fruit from the soil by  
the toil of machine."  
And it was so.

And the fruit of the soil was brought forth to the cities.  
And it was processed and packaged in factories in the midst of billowing blackness.  
And this was the "economy."  
And Man saw the "economy" that it was lucrative.

And a third day passed.

And Man said, "Let there be lights in the heavens.  
And let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and for years."  
And it was so.

And Man called the two greater lights Sun and Moon.  
Sun brightened Man's day.  
And Moon comforted and inspired Man at night.  
And Man saw Sun and Moon that they were good.

And Man said, "Let there be time-pieces that we may measure the journeys of Sun and Moon.

And let there be calendars that we may know seasons."

And there was "time."

And Man saw "time" that it was his tool.

A fourth day passed.

And Man said, "let the waters be abundant with fish.

And let birds fill the skies.

And let these be for sport."

And Man created fishing hooks and guns.

And Man saw the sport that it was entertaining.

A fifth day passed.

And Man said, "Let there be creatures - cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth."

And it was so.

And Man feared these for they were more powerful than he.

And Man hunted and caged and exploited these creatures —

That he, in his wisdom, might mock them.

And Man saw his creatures that he ruled them.

A sixth day passed.

Thus Man's toys on earth and in the heavens were created.

And on the seventh day Man rested.

And Man blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it because on the seventh day Man rested from his many labors of the week.

And out of his leisure Man said, "Let there be God.

For He shall be the stronghold of my faith.

And my Support when I be saddened.

And my Comforter and my Shelter when I be afraid."

And this was so.

And Man said, "Let me worship God that I may feel righteous.

And let Him smile upon me for this."

And there were churches and monasteries;  
Ministers and priests and rabbis;  
Protestant and Catholic and Jewish.  
That Man might choose according to his whims.

And it was so.

And Man leaned back comfortably in his red cushioned arm chair —  
Cooked creature in his stomach;  
Slippers on his feet.  
And Man surveyed all that he had created.  
And Man was dissatisfied.

Man craved companionship.

And Man summoned one of his creatures.  
And Man said, "Thou shalt be Man's Best Friend."  
And Man called Man's Best Friend "dog."  
And Man created the newspaper that Man's Best Friend might fetch it.

And Man amused himself.

Soon Man tired of Man's Best Friend.  
And Man desired a creature that like him walked up-right.  
A creature with intelligence equal to his.  
A creature to ease his loneliness.

And Man created Woman.

And Woman was beautiful  
And Woman was like Man - yet un-like Man.  
And Man was amazed at his creation.  
And Woman spoke like the whispering breeze.  
And Woman smiled like Sun.  
And Woman touched Man.  
And Man lost his loneliness.

And Man created Love that he might show Woman her importance.

And Man knew Woman.  
And Woman conceived and bore children.  
And Man was amazed at his creations.



And Man feared for his children that he in his power might harm them.  
And Man said to Woman, "Thou shalt care for thy children.  
And thou shalt nurse them and feed them and teach them 'til they be grown."

And Woman was dissatisfied.  
And Woman wished to create like Man.  
And Woman became contrary and despondent.  
And Man taught Woman saying, "I have created thee.  
And thou art mine.  
Thou shalt care for thy children and my house.  
For thou art not as wise as me."  
And Woman was quiet for she loved Man.

And Man's children begat children.  
And Man's children's children begat children.  
And generations passed.  
And the peoples of the earth were multiplied.

And Man created a life-style for the peoples.  
And Man called this "society."  
And the "society" greatly influenced the lives of the peoples.  
And these were the dictates of the "society:"

- 1) Thou shalt have no other concern before thyself.
- 2) Thou shalt make coins of gold and silver and copper and nickel which thou shalt worship and crave.
- 3) Thou shalt take the name of the Lord in vain when thou art angry.
- 4) Remember the sabbath day for thou dost not work and canst sleep.
- 5) Rebel against thy father and thy mother for thou owest them naught.
- 6) Thou shalt not kill unless:
  - a. thou killest animals.
  - b. thou art at war.
  - c. thou art provoked.
  - d. thou canst get away with it.
- 7) Thou shalt not commit adultery unless thou art one of the "Beautiful People."
- 8) Thou shalt not steal unless thou art exceedingly sly that thou mayst not be caught . . .
- 9) Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor unless he be:
  - a. black
  - b. Jewish
  - c. Puerto Rican
  - d. any of the above
  - e. any of the below
  - f. poorer than thou
  - g. none of these
- 10) Thou shalt strive to keep up with the Joneses.

Thus were the rules of the "society."

And Man saw the "society" that it was corrupt.

But alas Man was swept up in the tide of self concern and admired himself exceedingly.

And Man unknowingly created the (d) Evil.

And God and (d) Evil fought for the soul of Man.

And each created a resting place for the unsuspecting soul.

And God's place was called Heaven; Paradise; Elysian Fields.

And (d) Evil despaired.

And (d) Evil knew that he could not name his place to please Man.

For (d) Evil's place was warmer than Man was accustomed to.

(d) Evil liked it that way.

And (d) Evil called in an interior decorator.

And (d) Evil said to the interior decorator, "Thou shalt give my place an illusion of  
grandeur."

And it was so.

And (d) Evil and God struggled to outdo each other.

And Man closed his eyes and would not see that (d) Evil was within him.

And God tried to pry open Man's eyes and make him see that (d) Evil was within him  
and he was corrupt.

And Man would not see.

And God sent poison pen letters to man saying,

"Behold the Lord will lay waste the earth and make it desolate, and he will  
twist its surface and scatter its inhabitants."\*

And God said, "In an instant suddenly you will be visited by the Lord of hosts

With thunder and with earthquake and great noise,

With whirlwind and tempest and the flame of a devouring fire."\*

And Man did not pay heed to these warnings.

And Man mocked God saying, "God can not harm me for I have created him and he is  
mine."

And (d) Evil was strong in Man.

And Man ceased to love only Woman and his children.

Man loved his electricity and his generators and his power plants.

And Man did not see that the air and the water were unclean.

Man loved his cities and his cars and his sky-scrapers.

And Man did not see that his fertile land was less.

Man loved his schedule and his routine.

And Man did not see that time would no longer wait for him.

Man loved his guns and his moose heads,  
And Man did not see that he was destroying his creations.  
Man loved Woman's thighs and breasts,  
And Man did not see that he was exploiting his Love.  
Man forgot Go(o)d.  
And Man did not see that he was lost.

And then Man created a new toy — this more powerful than all the others combined.

One day Man discovered the true power of his toy.  
Man blew his world up.  
Man destroyed his light.  
Man destroyed his cities.  
Man destroyed his farms.  
Man destroyed Sun and Moon.  
Man destroyed all his creatures.  
Man destroyed his children.  
Man destroyed Woman.

The land became waste and the rivers bile.  
The air becomes as molten metal in his lungs.  
And there was darkness - all-engulfing, absolute darkness.

And Man was plunged into Despair.  
And Man was filled with Dread.  
And Man was alone in the Nothingness.  
And Man racked his brains for Something.  
Something to fill the Nothingness.  
And Man crawled on his hands and knees in the Darkness —  
Crying out in his agony for God to create him. . . . .

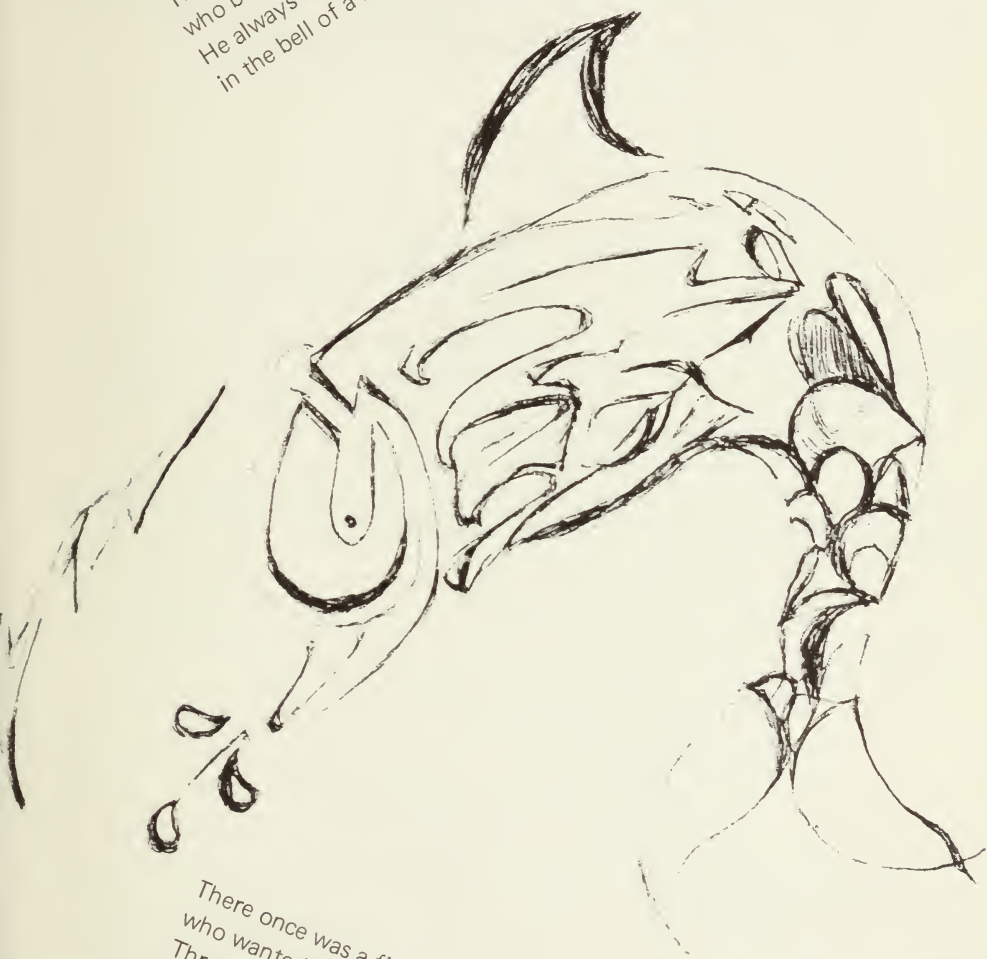
\* \* Taken from the book of Isaiah

Yawn,  
To foxy queenie school girl.  
& your textbookrational  
Emotions.  
No room for  
Miss Takes  
Though she wants not  
Your brain —  
Her's is the same.  
You pink scwerming island  
With too many bridges  
To cross  
To your own self,  
(Crosses to bear).  
Smoke ring desires rise  
And are blown away by the  
Others,  
That want to crush you  
Butt  
In sensual ash-tray reality.  
(Memories of dreams to come).  
You return to the recent future  
And your college visions  
With no provisions  
For your happiness.

Off you go to sit obscure  
But I am sure  
There's a cure  
That lies away from  
The black&white print  
You grapple  
And say, "What a hassle."  
Take off those rose colored things  
And see,  
Doktah Freud in the alley  
Buried by his own volumes.

Steve Blutter

There once was a young man from Bourne  
who bore an expression of scorn.  
He always did frown so they stuffed him right down  
in the bell of a baritone horn.



There once was a fish in the sea  
who wanted like hell to be free.  
Through the blue sky he glided but finally decided  
The ocean's the best place to be.

Mandy Cobb

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot wanted to catch a fish. They tried very hard, as often as Mrs. Elliot could bear it. They tried in Gloucester. They tried on their honeymoon cruise. They did not try very often on the cruise because Mrs. Elliot was rather sick.

"I'm rather sick," Mrs. Elliot said.

"I know," Mr. Elliot said happily.

"You know everything," Mrs. Elliot said.

"Oh please Edith, don't be that way."

"I can't help it, it's true."

"Oh, be quiet—here comes a fish!" Mr. Elliot said.

They had the fish for dinner. They ate without touching each other.

"Isn't fishing fun anymore?" Mr. Elliot said.

"No!" Mrs. Elliot said and threw the fish on the floor. A cat came along and ate the fish. Mrs. Elliot picked up the cat and walked away.

"How'd he take it," the cat said, "was there any scene? — how do you feel?"

"Shut up for a while cat," Mrs. Elliot said.

"Sure, I understand," the cat said.

Mrs. Elliot watched the sun setting. The cat watched too. Mrs. Elliot felt sure she would never catch a fish. "The sun is setting," Mrs. Elliot said.

The cat said, "The sun also rises."

Elly Mish

unlike yesterday  
when snow was bruised with sacrilegious footmarks  
and scraped away  
showing the earth's raw surface, mud,  
this early morning the snow is pure,  
unsullied  
as the dawn sun breaks the line of the horizon  
suddenly  
in a searing force of light,  
splintering the ground into clearcut,  
almost jagged patches of light.  
there are no soft and cool shadows here  
hidden with shy plants,  
or mellow yellowy light;  
all around is dazzling, blazing white  
of the new sun,  
or striking black shadows and  
network of lacy branches of an oak  
against the sky.

Nancy Rosenberry



I'm sittin' 'dere like usule, ya know, on me bed, tryin' ta concentrate on whot da hell dis' Lenny Bruce is tryin' ta git across. Now, it ain't like I can't undahstand 'im, but once n' awhile I gotta git de ol' Webster out an' look up some o' dose mother ninety-nine cent college words dere dat ya hafta toin yer hole head ta da right jes ta read. Right about now, me ol' Simon an' Garfunk disc hits dat last Song dere an' I know dat de ol' sonova-bitch is gonna play da "Like a Bridge ovah . . ." song agin fo' da millionth time. Even if I toin 'er off, da music's so thick in ma mind dat it'll play ovah an' ovah agin, widdout da phono anyway; skips an' everything. Nothin' like concentratin' on an intellectule book here an' havin' sum monkey singin' "'Like a bridge ovah - ovah - ovah - ovah'" three million times. Damn ! If de ol' left ear ain't startin' ta act up - da che che da che che - it always does when it starts ta premointin' - dat means it knows sumpin' I dunno but I'm gonna find out, soon 'nuff . . . da che che da che che - I know - must be da door da god damn door - Good Lord ! If y' all kin hear ma prayers.

Don't open, door, please don't open, please don't let dem beasts in puleeze - da che che da che che - da doorknob - da doorknob moved - no - no - it's da wooman 'cross da hall.

"Oh - no - no I weren't tryin' ta concentrate 'er nothin' - jes' sittin' here (why da hell don't she evah knock?) What? - no, ain't got no record on - I donno why ya keep hearin' Simon an' Garfunk (Don't know why she hears a song dat's not even on da phono-) see? My phono ovah - ovah - ovah 'dere ain't even on . . ."

An' me God! Dat hoss-ovawooman takes a step ovah - ovah - ovah da threshold an' all she's said was grunts an' looks at me sittin' here on me bed width dat wiad smile o' hers, an' I quake in mer pants wonderin' if de 'ole left ear's gonna start up. Jesus! Sheeze got hands stickin' outta hah eyeballs dats gonna grab me . . . . . but jes like always, she jes sez

"SHEEE-ET, MAN!" an' gallops in a few moah steps - dats right, gallops, cuz here feet dere is toined inter hoofs an' 'er ankles in gettin' hairier - and perty soon sheez a full grown hoss - an' I can't hardly breathe on account a' sheeze takin' up so much room an' it stinks so bad. An' da mere jes' stans dere sayin

"SHEEE-ET, MAN!"

Da chair - oh jeezuz she wants ta sit in da chair das got all ma clean undershirts on it - but she can't manuver her stern widdout - da plants! Da plants - sheez hit ever one ov um off da winder sill widder goddamn thoroughbred tail - all dose avacados an' doit all ovah - ovah - ovah da floor. So - she's eatin' dem an' now sheeze all done - ma ear starts - da che che da che che . . . She looks at me wid dem flarin' nostrils dere, an' gives me a - lick right down ma face dat praticly pulls ma hole head off ma body an' dat stinks like avacado. But den she toins 'round, whacks me in da face widder thoroughbred tale - I ges ta keep de ole left ear quiet - an' saunters outta da door an' down de hall. I tink sheeze gone, an' I quit quakin', when al ova sudden king Arthur an' his knights all compressed inter one comes rumblin' back like thundah, snorts, lets out one mo'

"SHEEE-ET MAN!" an' in one way or tother, slams da door almost off its hinges.



Da breath knocked outta me, alz I kin do is ta sit here like a rock, my left ear working like a yo-yo. When da glaze is gone from ma eyes, first ting I see iz da words of Lenny boy –

“Since we kin remember  
Ther’ve been sharks an’ cattle rustlers  
Folks scufflin’ . . . . .  
An while things move,  
don’t git da willies . . . .

Da hoss ‘il only cum in ten er eleven mo’ times today, but fer now I’m safe, so I settle down ta ma deep concentration, bendin’ ovah - ovah - ovah -

### “THE DIRTY CONCEPT”

An’ I git so ‘sorbed inter da story an’ da animal mumblins dere outside da door dat I almost fall ‘sleep - save dat all dem bezts are pantin’ outside waitin’ ta spring in at da worst moment . . . . But ma da che che da che che an’ I start to prayin’ agin

Please don’t opin door, puleeze . . . . protectah an’ lo an’ behold - de de pout-puss chic dat lives upstairs comes in - da cohnahs (corners) ov hah mouth droopin’ more an’ more till sheeze finally de regular bulldog herself. Da mouth iz still droppin’ an’ finally hits da grown’ on both sides an’ da hyena behind her almost trips ovah - ovah - ovah dem.

But the bulldog jes trots in an’ keeps whinin’ an’ trailin’ da ends of her frown dere behind her. Hops up on de chair - yup! Right on ma clean undershirts an’ hits one steady note – ‘bout a high ‘c’ - - ma ears iz so accustomed to dat note dey almost don’t pick it up nomoah.

Weel, dis little chic - ova - bulldog jes loves to eat crackers an’ ‘starts ta eatin’ ‘em an’ jes like always da crums slide down da ends ov hah frown, right onta da floor.

Meanwhile, da hyena dere is standin’ in da door on her chisled - off legs gigglin’. I swear dem legs ‘o’ hers git shotah ever day ‘cause ov she uses dem like skis - I tink sheeze ‘fraid ov if she lifts dem up evah (an’ she nevah has) she’ll float right off da face ‘o’ da earth. So she slides in da room an shuffles the crums all ovah-ovah-ovah da floor an’ plunks hahself down an’ gits hilarious at da cohnahs ov da frown lyin’ dere.

Sometimes if I’m lucky, da hyena hits a high ‘c’, too so as I don’t pick up nothin’ at all, or, almost as good, she’ll hit a high ‘e’, which sounds okay wid da bulldogs ‘c’. If da good loahds wid me, I’ll fall inter a state ‘o’ shock an’ da room il glaze ovah-ovah-ovah, an’ when it melts dey’ll all be gone - crums, skis, avocados an’ all - lick, stock, an’ barrel.

But no suh - no such luck dis time. Alz I kin do iz sit here frozen - like, an’ wait. An’ zen - when dat laughtah and high ‘e’ whine stops, itz like alovassudden all yo’ senses iz cleaned out an’ ya kin see an hear better. When dey finally leave, da two of dem - da bulldog chick picks up da cohnahs of dat frown so as not ta drag up through da crums. Da Hyena skis right through. Da mess iz still here. Da avocado, an’ doit, an’ da crums.

But now I’m gonna jes’ sit here an’ wait for dat da che che dache che, cuz I’m too worn out ta read any heavy intellectule material. Maybe I’ll jes’ lull myself ta sleep listenin’ ta da animal noises outside da door . . . . . an’ sheet, man, I’m gonna git outa dis barnyard someday, an’ ovah-ovah-ovah dat bridge . . . .

Cathy Armsden

Grabbed our horses and started riding, gliding, galloping, panting around the Stone Church Gloom. A Honkeytonk Romper-room piano kept us in line, kept us prancing around and round the animal-packed voo-doo wheel in time. Skip-to-my-Lou, riding SKIP our wooden steeds as fast as they could go. SKIP—RIDE SKIP—RIDE. Now gallup, SKIP, hop and glide your hoar-sees said the red hair lady. And we kept movin' on, kicking up the dust with scuffed buster browns, slipping on the shiny brown floor, scraping up, breathing in the clay-scented, dust-covered empty church air till the cows came home.

Deb Selden



a bird  
on silent wing  
descends  
to the  
frozen ground  
to look  
to search  
for some trace  
of yesterday  
or some promise  
of tomorrow  
and turns again  
to the  
icy sky  
and disappears  
enclosed  
by the falling  
snow.

Dini Price

push open the heavy door  
my girl,  
let the autumn wind  
slap your tired face  
don't think about all the days  
before you  
which are merely piles of dust  
look through the shield of tears  
they are transparent you know  
a blurred vision  
is better than none at all  
are you sorry your dreams  
all came true?  
when you know nothing 'everlasts'  
just because your face  
is no longer the sun's twin  
and your voice sounds  
like an unloved child  
doesn't make your body touchless  
will you make your  
life a museum  
of memories  
letters of meaningless words  
pictures turning brown  
like fall leaves?  
or will you smile  
at the ugly wall  
where someone wrote  
"Why" with a ballpoint pen  
and to your heart  
and friends  
"summer is over."

—b.a. friend

## EVERYMAN

(A Modern Morality Play in one act) — — — by Sally Jo Gilbert

Messenger: Pray listen, people, to the tale  
Of Everyman, and listen well.  
For in this story you will find  
A parody of "life sublime;"  
Life so much treasured by us all  
E'en though it leads to our downfall.  
Blinded by our earthly ways  
We see not through the temporal haze.  
We struggle e're 'tween fate and will  
And do not let our Pride keep still.  
And yet, amongst the sin and vice  
There is one force that will suffice  
To save us all from fire and hell  
And in the end, makes all fare well.  
Always the Grace of God prevails  
And saves Mankind when all else fails.

Enter, Everyman: How good existence is to Man.  
Transcending earth and time he can  
Become at last at one with all  
And be like Adam 'fore the fall.

True bliss at last we all can feel  
Only when we accept the Real  
As that unchanging, stable force  
From which we ne're our souls divorce.

Enter, Re-birth: Oh Everyman, You feel sublime  
Within yourself, b'yond place or time  
And yet tis now I've come to say  
You must leave this haven today.

You must now on to earth descend  
And be reborn as man again.  
It is with joyless heart and voice  
(Even though it's not only my choice)

For the Wheel of Life must ever turn  
Life, Death, Life; until we learn  
The final lesson, chore, or task  
Ours is never "why" to ask.

Everyman: It grieves me so to hear you speak  
That I must hide my face and weep.  
Certainly 'tis mine to know  
Why I am tossed out, to and fro

Back and forth and here and there  
Never knowing when or where  
Life and Death and Life again . . .  
Over and over . . . when will it end ? ?

Re-birth: You know it is not mine to say  
When to go and when to stay.  
But surely He that reigneth high  
Needeth not to answer "why" !

Everyman: How foolishly I rant and rave  
Question His wisdom and power to save!  
I realize now how wrong it is  
Not to submit my will to His.

Re-birth: I'm glad you finally see the wrong  
In selfish rage, resistance strong.  
But now before you go your way  
I have some final words to say.

Everyman: Speak on, then.

Re-birth: As you descent to earthly life  
You'll find there reams of pain and strife.  
I send you now, therefore, these "friends"  
On whom worldly success depends.

Enter, PRIDE: I am that valiant horse called PRIDE  
On whom men of all classes ride.  
I build them up 'bove all, you see  
Lest they e're feign "humility".

Each man is centered 'round the core  
Of Ego, Self, and nothing more  
It is but foolish to deny  
We see ourselves; the "all" is "I".

Before a man can win or lose  
There comes a time when he must choose  
Between his weak and stronger side  
And that is when he most needs PRIDE.

Enter, WRATH: I am that furious storm called WRATH  
I make my way down all men's path  
I bid them vent their rage and hate  
And put them in a furious state.

But since a man must reach this stage  
Of ruthless hate and blinding rage  
I simply bid him be "sincere"  
What matter if his head is clear ?

Tis anger, wrath, revenge we need  
When others do us wrong — indeed —  
We cannot merely remonstrate  
We must instead — annihilate !

Enter, HYPOCRISY: I am the beast HYPROCRISY  
I have two heads and eyes which see  
A second view of everything  
For it's a dual song I sing.

A man must learn just how to ride  
The horse of "this" and "that" besides  
For "Truth" is always relative  
Therefore must be comparative.

Enter, SPITE: I am a simple parasite  
I prey, I cling, I foster SPITE  
Springing from malice, hate and strife  
The blood I suck renews my life.

My purpose is to agitate,  
Slander, hurt, humiliate  
I get my host for all he's worth  
Among the slime and slut on earth.

Each man must hold me buried deep  
Within his heart — but ne're asleep  
For I am always there on guard  
This secret SPITE men ne're discard.

Enter, LUST: I am LUST: What I crave  
Is everything I should not have  
I drool and paw and claw and pant  
Til no one dares to say I can't.

I put in man that Lustful greed  
So to abate his every need  
For it is need of course I serve  
I merely bring what all deserve.

But there are certain things on earth  
Which, being forbidden, hold more worth.  
So when you crave for ladies fair  
Just call for LUST — and I'll be there !

Enter, ENVY: I am ENVY; my obsession  
Is what I call "the Art — Possession"  
I covet everything I see  
Until it doth belong to me.

How can one e're achieve the "good"  
Unless he strives, like all men should,  
To have what he can recognize  
As "right" and "true" and "good" and "wise" ?

Therefore I turn men's eyes around  
To sort and sift, and so surround  
Themselves with higher goals, you see,  
That is the use men have for me.



EVERYMAN: Oh dreadful! Please! Please let me go  
My heart is filled with grief and woe  
With pain and sickness now I wrench  
To think that earth has such a stench!

I know men are with vices clad  
But how can it be, oh, so bad ?  
I think of all the filth and slime  
But what's become of "life sublime"

How terrible to have to leave  
This haven of divine reprieve  
I long to stay at peace, serene,  
Without desire my soul is clean.

And yet — I know, I know, I know!  
You say to me " 'Tis time to go" .  
You lead me from God's perfect place  
And turn me into something base.

Oh God, Oh Heavenly Host most High  
I wrench, I toss, I turn, I cry !  
Why this sad fate, I ask you, why?  
O God, O no, ..... Please let me die !

Re-birth: Everyman! Be calm, be still  
Already you've gone fast down-hill.  
These earthly passions which enrage  
Are not the follies of a sage.

And lo, have you forgot so soon  
That you can yet escape from doom?  
God does not send us There alone  
To make that earthly hell our home.

Why Everyman ! There is one trait  
Besides the six which by you wait  
This one is given by God alone  
Through which he has his mercy shown . . .

EVERYMAN: O yes ! O yes ! Speak on no more  
For with that gift my soul will soar  
THE GRACE OF GOD IS WHAT I NEED  
IN ORDER TO SOW A WORTHY SEED !

I am swimming in an ocean of bathwater  
Floating lightly  
Propelled by the rush of water around my body  
Immersed in the eternal calm of the freshwater sea.

I am stroking forward, through the warm, wet, endless stretch,  
Glad to feel the tepid stream run through me as I go,  
Tingling and flowing with sensations that fill my deepest doubt.

I am moving with the current I created and plunged into  
Lulled by its rapid, gentle sweep  
Assured by the extra pull it gives each stroke of mine  
Restful in the easy grace of motion.

Molly Prescott



the shapes of thoughts are created in my mind,  
a collage of construction paper;  
i paste them on like colored leaves,  
singly, crinkly on the ground.  
all that stops these shapes is time  
and the words they've never found.  
eagerly they float from trees - -  
i'd like my words to catch them  
as they descend into the middle of fall.  
or even if i couldn't catch them  
(as i know i never can)  
i'd like to plunge into their paintbox colors  
a thousand fathoms deep,  
to feel their joy around me  
in the shape of pointed patterns.

But now i need the presence of words,  
these falling images are useless.  
the patterns of the fall are  
more than shattered  
by our silence,  
driving down the highway on a rainy afternoon,  
shapes of wet leaves sticking to the windshield,  
the road,  
the sunday sky,  
to everything.

Mandy Cobb

Linda Horowitz  
Brett Cook  
Sue Stone  
Angie Deitrick  
Molly Prescott  
Lisa Henderson  
Sally Cooper  
Natalie Ziegler  
Nancy Rosenberry  
Sara Wedeman  
Judith Webster

Faculty Adviser:  
Mr. McQuilken

Back Page & Cover:  
Leslie Hendrix

Sketches:  
Lisa Henderson





Text:

"Old as I am, I continue to be amazed  
at the sudden emergence of daffodils  
and stories."

Ernest Hemingway

me too.

I really hope you like it.

Linda.



